## THE FINE ARTS.

"The little dogs and all, Traf, Blanche and Sweetheart, see, they bark at a We recently criticised Mr. Durand's picare of God's Judgment upon Gog. We did not suppose our opinion of the work would be shared by all ors, and were ready to hall with open mind whateser others might say in its faver,—for it any differof opinion is fair, and impersonal, it is certainly matters of Art. We have thus far waited in vain. A other in The Evening Post and another in The Home est signed "An Artist" have, indeed, poured out bipersonal animadversion upon ourselves, but they omitted to set forth the greatness of the picture, tick, sithough we much admired, seemed to us inadeto the highest requirements. In commencing our remarks, we stated our opinion of Mr. Durand's position as artist, and thereupon The Evening Post and Home James open upon us in full cry. Our critique is desomed as "slaver," "sophistical and degraded," showinstructation," "willful misrepresentation of Scripture," \*sensense or worse," "singularly uncourteous and offensies," " an outrage -coming from under cover, a mean nange," "personal hate and spite in disguise," "ran" or rerealing " a little hell" in the critic's mind, "vine-

per of such acrid proof," &c.

Hot work for the Summer months, this,—yet, meanwife, no single word of the merits of the picture except he blank assertion that it fulfills its office "as well as a petere can." Had our fluent friends paused a moment is show why our critique was unjust, or why it was "mean" to say that Mr. Durand had failed to paint a great picture is a line entirely novel to him,—had they sees fit to do anything which it was their duty in the premises to do, we should have allowed the gust to blow er, have wiped off the mud and dust, and gone quietle on our critical way. We will not forget that the first arti cie of The Post assumed to consider the principles of our crhicism, but as its personal accerbity, prevented the writer from comprehending them, we must still refer the reader who wishes to know them rather to our own estement than to The Post's exegesis of them The fact, also, that The Pest refrained from attacking thos: es until the pictures of a certain artist were crit and that it has heretofore never really entered the lists until the same artist was the subject of remarkinvitably engenders the suspicion that its articles are written more from feeling for an artist than from any especial regard for Art, which, as a matter of friendship, b very beautiful to see, but as criticism is not of great

We shall not follow the theological discussion of The Post, remarking, en passant, that it is no reply to opinions to call the holder of them an infidel. What is said of criticism in general and the duty of the critic, we shall consider in adjusting accounts with The Home Journal. But why did The Post say that "the subject was chosen for the artist, and not by him." Alas! alas! "save me from my friends." Does The Post in the very articulo mortis of its article, mean to deprive Mr. Darand of the praise it has been implying, and cut him off with the shilling of "magnificent science" and "exquisite facility."

The rest of The Post's strictures will be naturally considered in the dissection of the communication of "An Artist," in The Home Journal. And if we write at some length, we do so not in defense of our own position, which defends itself, but in the interest of art and those lindred pursuits, whose dignity it is the tendency of such fippant and personal tirades as those of our anonymous siversaries sadly to lower.

"An Artist" commences by quoting the opening of our critique, which we re-quote:

"Whatever Mr. Durand does is undeniably excellent. We had the pleasure, last year, of recording at some length our impression of his characteristics as a painter. His position is assured. A quiet, pasteral poet—a Thomson on canvas—always scothing—never inspiring—sure of please, equally sure not to surprise—a careful and loving student and imitator of the placid aspect of nature, and a genius that breathes pastoral peace over all his morks—such was, in general, our feeling of Mr. Durand as an artist. It has been confirmed from year to year. There has been little marked advance, within our recollection, slithough certainly no retrocession. As with fryant in poetry, it does not seem that the artists experience deepens and widens with time. What they paint or sing to-day, they might have painted and sung twenty years ago. Without insinuating that either painter or poet suggests the remark, its yet true, that he who labors to preserve a reputation will be very apt to cease to deserve it. The stern claim made upon every artist, of whatever department, is to leave what he has done behind him, in his perpetual passage to greater achievements. It is a terrible law, but we are all held to it. And the history of illustrious men is the story of their unceasing advance."

Upon this " An Artist " remarks that Mesars, Durand and Bryant are bidden to be content with "excellence and "respectability,"-that they are told they are not great, because greatness always surprises. We ex pressed our opinion of Mr. Darand's picture, and called it excellent. Now to meet "An Artist" upon the ground of personality, to which he forces us, we ask, if the most landatory adjectives are to describe men of a lower range, what is left for the higher? I Mr. Durand is "great," what is Michel Angelo? If Mr. Bryant is more than "excellent," what is Shakspere? Why, this very writer, a few lines further down, colls them "two very able men," which we cannot but that Is quite as derogatory to their dignity as "excellent." He charges us with cities before our "an mymous au-thority," these "two very able men,"—forgetting that the personality of the critic is nothing, and that the work in question was cited before principles which are never aponymous. He continues by declaring, with a great felicity of expression, that we aim to thrust

"upon their brows two small garlands of 'Daphne's drathless plant,' seeking the while to sting them to the quick by a poisoned thorn wreathed with the verdure of approbation. Is this fair criticisms."

Well, again: if for the greatest human genius there is

Well, agais: if for the greatest human genius there is nothing but a large garland of that plant, how can "two very able men" aspire to mere than a "small" one; Nay, if the smallest leaf of that laurel which haloos with ternal spring the brows of the great men of history, should be adjudged to the gentlemen in question, they, we fan' cy, would not find that allowance "a mean outrage."

"An Artist" continues:

"It is a strain of remark seldom applied to the works of those that are passed away, yet, to my reason and feeling, is singuiarly uncourteous and offensive as toward cotemporaries. If either of the gentlemen thus dealt with were a hero of the hour, mounted upon vogue, and riding rough-shod over a blinded public, debasing the general taste by clap-trap, or filling his pockets by the hurried abuse of certain popular elements of effect, I would understand such asperity, and perhaps excuse it. As it stands, it looks to me like an outrage—coming from under cover, a mean outrage."

If "either of the gentlemen" were in the category described, we should care little to try them by the highest standard. To measure a man's work by an ideal success in its own kind, is to pay him the loftiest compliment. If in a question of grandeur and beauty we should condemn "an artist's" style because it failed of the sonorous music of Milton's prose, or that of the old preachers', we fancy he would not feel it an outrage. He

"Collective manhood has silence for the fallures of able men, and joy and reward for their success. It is only your individual who has been socially freise, or perhaps overshadowed, who lets off a penard of this kind under the seat where the approved have been placed by ophion.

Charles Churchill undervalued the genius of Hogarth. He sought to stemp him as one wha, in a world of besuty, saw only vice to lash and deformity to ridicule; but this talk about Hogarth thus presented in the gark of criticism and approbation, too, was only personal hate and spite in disguise.

Let us hope that the frame of mind to which this criticism of Durand was written, is not habitual. If it be settler than the control of the control of the control of the weaks him a speedy deliverance. We wish it traily; for we have remarked that only your original aweet wine will sour to a vinegar of such acrid proof."

Our remarks have always indicated that we do no fall in respect for great men. It is the depth and sincerity of that respect which prevents our wishing "very able men" to sit in the seat of greatness.

Besides, distinction can claim no immunity from trathful, frank and manly criticism. Truth is the imperial Queen of Beauty, to which every knight in homage bows his head. From what is truly excellent, dibbling and nervous inquisition rells off like water from a statue. Why did not The Post and Journal believe this, as we believed it, and trust to truth and nature, not to their own impetuous irascibility, to rectify whatever errors we may have made, or else address themselves to the real point at issue?

"Collective manhood has silence for the failures of able men," says "An Artist." "The true-minded critic, then, delights to point out beauties, and prefers to overlook all faults but those which result from false principles or derelictions from duty," says The Evening Post. Very well; if this is to cover the whole ground, The Post

must admit defective ideas and absence of ideas under the head of "false principles." Our friend Jones writes verses that are unexceptionable in principle and in no manner derelict from the austerest duty. But we defy even the unknown of The Post, or "An Artist" himself, to read Jones's verses, or "to point out beauties" in them. "Collective manhood has silence" for them. The true-minded critic." It strikes us, has certain duties to perform. If his position requires him to speak of Petrarch's ponderons epic, or of any work of any "able men" which seems to him based upon a wrong ides, his first duty as a critic is not to be silent over the failure. He is precisely the person deputed not to be silent. He does not revel in the exposure of "false principles," and neither does he slur over his feeling that the principle is false, by any commendation esser excellencies, He knows full well that if the artist is a true servant of art, he will be the first to hall that criticism if it be just, the first to know that it will only burnish his fame if it be unjust.-And "Collective Manhood" advances to the thrones of fame only those who have satisfied the sternest tests. To call a work sublime or unapproachable, or to linger upon the excellent details when its thought is "a false principle in the critic's estimation, is indeed a kind of criticism with which "collective manhood would seen deal just ly." There may be "magnificent science," there may be "golden glory in the sunlit valley," as the Post asserts of the Gog, but what a miserable insult to the artist would be our dwelling upon those parts, (which we distinetly stated no one recognized more than ourselves,) while the central idea of the work seemed to us defec tive. Here our canons of criticism do most profoundly differ with those of The Post and of "An Artist." In the statue of Olympian Jove, we shall not praise the ad mirable finish of the finger-nails,-if the Thunderer is not

there,-and Phidias will be the first to grasp our hand. For what is the artist, whose stature and characte seem utterly unknown to these anonymous critics of ours, and for whom, in the person of an individual they so nervously carry round the hat for alms of charity silence. The artist is he who, ef all men, knows how far short his heat effort must fall-he, of all men, who esti mates preise at its true value. "You call my pic, ture beautiful," said Fra Angelico to his friend. "Porce etto," (poor fellow!) Fra Angelico lived in the vision of supreme beauty. "I do not wish to know where I have succeeded " said the sculptor, "tell me where I have alled." So they always say, and always feel, the great men, who recognize more entirely than the rest of us the anonymous of The Post included—that "all things buman are imperfect, and must fall palpably in many direc tions." Why feebly try to plaster with praise those eyes in which burns such "splendid purpose," and those

lips which cry,
"I falter where I firmly trod,
And failing, with my weight of cares,
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through derkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all.
And faintly trust the larger hope."

If the reader wishes to taste the quality of that venom of envy, which "An Artist" asserts poisons our pen toward Mr. Durand, we invite him to read the opening extract from our critique. Its deliberate personal assault upon that artist—its vindictive malice betraying itself in the eager movement of the sentences—the unblushing audselty of its abuse—and the stealthy sting that lurks ready to dart in every word, however dexterously concealed by "the verdure of approbation," will, we are confident, fully justify to such mental capacities as those of "An Artist," the same "personal hate and spite in disguise," which Mr. Charles Churchill entertained for Hogarth.

That portion of the article in *The Home Journal* which is not a charge of personal malignity on our part toward Messrs. Durand and Bryant, consists of the following sentences:

sentences:

"Not satisfied with judging the work of Durand for what it is intrinsically, the critic lugs in Raffaelie and Kaulbach, and coolly measures the stature of the President of the School of Design.

A cotemporary of D. Teniers might easily have wounded his feelings by setting forth the greatness of the styles he never atten pted, and lauding his ale-house scenes and groups of peasantry, but collective manhood would soon deal justly with such criticism. Collective manhood would see in such talk about the grand style, only a bullet; in such praise behind it, the gun-cotton intended to send it heme. In short, a grudge against old David, and no special love of painting.

no special love of painting.

An impartial public does not thus judge those whose study and labors are devoted to the best and purest enjoyments of society. An impartial public does not, in accepting the fruit of any man's genius, flout him by trompeting some one else, and thus send him away with a flea in his car."

The point of these remarks is, that we have not con-

The point of these remarks is, that we have not considered Mr. Durand's picture, irrespective of any ideal, or of any other pictures. Our reply is simple, and we invite the incognitus of The Post to meditate it.

When a subject is treated by Art, every other instaof the treatment of the same subject is an inevitable and involuntary standard by which it is measured. If Stoddard, or Lowell, or Taylor, or Wallace, or any of our younger poets, write lines to a water fowl, their verses ite poem. If they are only as good as that-that is, i they have no new thought, no sweeter music-they are a mere reproduction of Bryant's, and have no individual value. If they have samething finer and sweeter, then Bryant's peem yields the palm of fame, and is forgotten. Thus Shakspere absorbed a thousand anterior tales and plays; and if Romeo and Juliet were again selected as the theme of a poem, whether by Byron, Bryant, Wordsworth, Mrs. Sigourney, Milton, Dr. Donne, or Alfred De Musset, if the new work were only a pallid copy of that glowing story, it could not be considered a great work of art.

In the same way, while looking at Michel Angelo's Madonnas, those of Raphael are inevitably "lugged in," and in contemplating Raphael's Sybils, nature "lugs in" to the mind those of Michel Angelo,—and the one must yield to the other, except it has some profound and peculiar charm which the other lacks, and which in this case happens to be the fact.

But still farther, whenever a subject is plcturially treated, which no work within our knowledge has attempted, there is in every thoughtful mind an involuntary standard erected, by which alone success or failure can be predicated of that work.

can be predicated of that work. Take, for example, the Destruction of Jerusalem, An artist paints the scene. Now for the success of his picture two things are necessary-either the image involuntary suggested to our minds by the subject must be reproduced and deepened,-or, the treatment must present a view of the subject so original that we feel it to be quite as good as our own. If the picture fails in the first case supposed, we are perpetually grieving that it was not otherwise done. If it fails in the second, then, in the same way, we cannot acknowledge the absolute greatness of the work while we feel how it might have been greater. Thus when, last year, we critcised Mr. Church's "Deluge," it was a perfectly legitimate criticlsm to say that it was not a fine conception of the scene, and to endeavor to point out how, to our fancy, it might have been better. This implies, of course, what no gen uine artist, and least of all Mr. Durand, would deny that every work of art must be greatest in its kind, or, failing that, be content with such praise as belongs to in

But we must consider one more point to come close home to our case. Not only is every existing picture of a subject, a standard for all successive pictures, and not only is the mental image of a subject the necessary standard of all works which treat it, but, in any individ ual case of pictorial treatment the mind naturally, in stantly, and properly, refers to the probable treatment of that subject by the great men who have in various times and under warious circumstances handled the same class of subjects. Thus if a man paints a Madonna, in some new circumstance, or any Scriptural scene that may not chance to have been painted by any of the Scriptural painters, the mind familiar with pictures and the resources of art, directly perceives how the theme would have been treated by them, and that perception is another standard, as inevitable as his mental image of the subject

"An Artist" must move carefully here. We do not imply that the work now to be done must be done in the same way, but with the same lofty spirit as those of other workers at the same class of subjects. Let it be as new and great as possible. For instance, an artist proposes to paint the sacking of Rome by the Goths. The mind of the man who hears that proposition reverts to the Destruction of Jerusalem already quoted, and while he does not require that the new artist shall have seen that pleture or know of its existence, yet he will feel, in looking at the work, that, if it fall in richness, force, perception and lofty feeling, he may justly state, in expressing the reasons why it does

not satisfy him, that he could easily fancy Kanibach treating the theme more satisfactorily. Thus, to put at rest the flippant sneer of "An Artist" about "luggleg in" Raphael and Kaulbach, and "dismissing an artist with a flea in his ear," we say distinctly that it is always entirely legitimate and inevitable, in order to set in relief our feeling concerning a work, to illustrate how that work falls of being truly great by suggesting the superior manner in which subjects of a similar scope have been treated by other artists.

But we have not quite done with "An Artist." Having shown how utterly futile is his insinuation that it is no criticism to judge one picture by another-since not our wills, but nature does it for us,-we will look a moment at his claim that every thing should be judged by what it is intrinsically, and not by foreign standards. This assertion has a sensible sound, but it is pure nonsense. What is the intrinsic character of a thing, a matter of commendation or consure? Nothing at all. As there are not two things alike in the Universe, to say that a thing must be judged simply by what it is, is merely to say that it is what it is "An Artist" hands us a peach, for instance. We say to him, "Artist, this is not a good peach." He responds, "But why won't you judge it by its intrinsic excellence. Your mind is poisoned by the images of other peaches. This is not another peach, take it therefore for what it is : don't 'lug in' the idea of ripe, rich, sunny-cheeked fruit to try this by." Now, intrinsically, a green is as good as a ripe fruit, because its greenness is just as good greenness as the ripeness is ripeness. But when we eat fruit, we are conscious of something which assures us whether it is good or not, and that is not the intrinsic character of the individual specimen, but our experience and idea of excellent fruit. It is the same with pletures. To speak of what a picture is intrinsically, is to use words without meening. For what does "An Artist" intend by it in the present case? If he intends any thing, he means that in looking at the Gog, we are not to think of other pictures of this scene, nor of how other men might have treated it, nor of the manner in which we think it ought to be treated, including ou view of the conception of the scope of the event. But f we may not think of the thought and composition of other similar pictures, then we must not refer to their color-then we must exclude everything else except this canvas, until we have omitted nature altogether We do not see how we can take it in any other way than intrinsically. It was only because we considered the work "intrinsically" defective, and yet recognized what great excellence there was in it, that we spok

We here take leave of the subject. "An Artist" writes smartly" and has much greater fluency and felicity of expression than our friend of The Post. The fault of his communication is that the epithets are too strong, They turn back upon themselves, and he did unwisely in prefixing to his article the extract from our critique, because it stands there, in all men's sight, refuting every, thing he proceeds to say. These writers in The Evening Post and Home Journal have thought fit to descend to the most odious personality, they have aimed to destroy the force of a critique in public estimation, by striving to cast contempt upon the critic as citing distinguished men before him and dubbing them respectable, and they have thus dragged into an unseemly position two name dear to every American. Three motives have prompted our long reply. 1st, the desire to vindicate the principles upon which alone unprejudiced criticism is possible, and which should forever hush in silence such correspondents as those who have elicited our remarks; 2d, to expose the hopelessness of that cause which had no anwer for criticism but personal insult of the critic; and id, the anxiety not to seem willing to remain silent u der an accusation of hostility toward an artist whose position is already assured, and nowhere more securely than in our own respect.

FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH.

XXXIII.
THREE DAYS AT NAPATA, THE ANCIENT CAPI-

TAL OF ETHIOPIA.

Editorial Correspondence of the N.Y. Tribune.

CAMP, NEAR MERGE, ETHIOPIA, §

The friendly haven into which I came. out of the arid sea of the desert, three days ago, was the village of Abdom, on the eastern bank of the Nile, which here flows toward the south until it reaches the frontier of Dongola. On the opposite bank is Meroe, the former capital of Dar Shygheen, which must not be confounded with the ancient Meroe, the ruins of which, near Shendy, I have described in a former letter. True, the identity of the names at first deceived antiquarians, who supposed the temples and pyramids in this neighborhood to have belonged to the capital of the old Hierarchy of Meroe: but it is now satisfactorily established that they mark the site of Napata, the capital of Ethiopia up to the time o the Cosars. It was the limit of the celebrated expedition of the Roman soldiers, under Petronius. Djebel Berkel, at whose base the principal remains are found, is in lat. 18 35', or thereabouts, but on account of the great curve or "elbow" o the Nile, I must retrace my steps as far as lat. 182 and then travel due west for two days before I reach the point where the river again takes a northward direction.

I was welcomed to Abdom by the Shekh or holy nan of the place, who met me on the verge of the desert, and conducted me to the best of his two houses. Shekh Mohammed Abdul-Djebil (Mohammed, the Slave of the Mountains,) is a dignified old man of sixty, with a gray beard and brown complexion, and is the owner of a water mill several fields of wheat and cotton, and abundance of nelm-trees. He has two wives each of whom with her family, occupies a separate house-a great mark of discretion on the part of Mohammed. Domestic quiet is thus secured to him, while he possesses that in which the Arab most glories and rejoices-a numerous family of children. His youngest wife, a woman of thirty, immediately vacated the house on my arrival, and took up her temporary residence in a tent of palm matting, with her four children. The dwelling into which I was ushered was a square structure of clay, on story high, with one door and no windows. It had a flat roof of palm logs, covered with thatch, and the inside walls were hung with large mats, plaited with brilliantly-colored palm blades. Fancy vessels of baked clay, baskets, ostrich eggs, and other ornaments were suspended from the roof in slings of palm fiber, and a very large white mat covered half the floor. Here' my bed was laid, and my camp-stool, placed in front of it, formed a table, The Shekh, who was with me nearly all the time of my stay, sat on the floor in front of me, and never entered or departed from the house, without saying : "Bismillihi," ("in the name of God,") a he crossed the threshold. Outside of the door was a broad divan, running along the north side of the house. It therefore pointed toward Mecca and was a most agreeable praying-place for the holy man. I sat there the rest of the day, after my arrival, tasting the luxury of coolness and shade, and steeping my eyes in a bath of refresh ing colors. A clump of some twenty date-trees grew in front of the door, throwing over us a gorgeous canopy of leaves. Fields of wheat in head. waist-deep, surrounded the house, insulating it in a sea of greenness, over which I saw the hills of the Desert, no longer terrible, but soft and fair and far as clouds smouldering in the rosy fires of an

Eastern sunrise.

Very early next morning the Shekh and his sons and their asses were in readiness to accompany me to Djebel Berkel. We walked down between the Shekh's gardens to the Nile, where the ferry-boat was waiting to convey us across. I was enchanted with the picture which the shores presented. The air was filled with a light, silvery vapor, (a characteristic of sultry weather in Africa,) softening the deep, rich color of the land-scape. The eastern bank was one bower of palms, standing motionless, in perfect groups, above the long, sloping banks of beans in blossom. Such

grace and glory, such silence and repose, I thought I had never before seen in the vegetable world. Opposite, the ruined palaces of the old Shyghecan Kings and the mud and stone hovels of modern Meroe rose in picturesque piles above the river bank and below the red sandstone bluffs of the Nubian Desert, which overhung them and poured the sand through deep rents and fissures upon their very roofs. The mosque, with a tall circular minaret, stood embowered in a garden of datepalms, under one of the highest bluffs. Up the river, which stretched glittering into the distance, the forest of trees shut out the view of the desert, except Djebel Berkel, which stood high and grand above them, the morning painting its surface with red lights and purple shadows. Over the misty horizon of the river rose a single conical peak, far away. The sky was a pale, sleepy blue, and all that I saw seemed beautiful dream-pictures-everywhere grace, beauty, splendor of coloring, steeped in Elysian repose. It is impossible to de scribe the glory of that passage across the river. It paid me for all the hardships of the desert. When we touched the other shore and mounted

the little donkeys we had taken across with us, the ideal character of the scene disappeared, but left a reality picturesque and poetic enough. The beasts were without bridles, and were only furnished with small wooden saddles, without girths or stirrups. One was obliged to keep his poise, and leave the rest to the denkey, who, however, suffered himself to be guided by striking the side of his neck. We rode under a cluster of rained stone buildings, one of which occupied considerable space, rising palm-like, to the hight of thirty feet. The Shekh informed me that it had been the palace of a Shygheean king, before the Turks got possession of the country. It is now wholly dilapidated, but a few Arab families are living in the stone dwellings which surround it. These clusters of shattered buildings extend for more than a mile along the river, and are all now known as Meroe. Our road led between fields of ripening wheat, rolling in green billows before the breeze, on one side, and on the other, not more than three varils distant, the bare sandstone walls of the desert, where a blade of grass never grew. Over the wheat, along the bank of the Nile, rose a long forest of palms, so thickly ranged that the eye could scarcely penetrate their dense, cool shade; while on the other hand the glaring sand-hills showed their burning shoulders above the bluffs. It was a most violent contrast, and yet, withal, there was a certain harmony in these opposite features. At the end of the town we came to a sort of guard-house, shaded by two sycamores. A single soldier was in attendance, and apparently tired of having nothing to do, as he immediately caught his donkey and rode with us to Djebel Berkel.

We now approached the mountain, which is between three and four miles from the town. It rises from out the sands of the Nubian Desert, to the hight of five hundred feet, presenting a front completely perpendicular toward the river. It is inaccessible on all sides except the north, which in one place has an inclination of 45°. Its scarred and shattered walls of nake I sandstone stand up stern and sublime in the midst of the hot and languid landscape. As we approached, a group of pyramids appeared on the brow of a sand-hill to the left, and I discerned at the base of the mountain several isolated pillars, the stone-piles of ruined pylons, and other remains of temples. The first we reached is at the south-eastern corner of the mountain. Amid heaps of sandstone blocks and disjointed segments of pillars, five columns of an exceedingly old form still point out the court of a temple, whose adyta are hewn within the mountain. They are not more than ten feet high and three in diameter, circular, and without capital or abacus, unless a larger block, rudely sculptured with the outlines of a Typhon-head, may be considered as such. The doorway is hurled down and defaced, but the cartouches of kings may still be traced on the fragments. There are three chambers in the rock, the walls of which are covered with sculptures, for the most part representing the Egyptian divinities. The temple was probably dedicated to Typhon, or the Evil Principle, as one of the columns is still faced with a carvatid of the short, pinmp, big-mouthed and bet-cared figure, which elsewhere represents him. Over the entrance is the sacred-winged globe, and the ceiling shows the marks of brilliant coloring. The temple is not remarkable for its architecture. and can only be interesting in an antiquarian point of view. It bears some resemblance in its general style to the Temple-palace of Koorneh, at Thebes.

The eastern base of the mountain, which fronts the Nile, is strewn with hewn blocks, fragments of capitals, immense masses of dark bluish-gray granite, and other remains, which prove that a large and magnificent temple once stood there. The excavations made by Lepsius and others have uncovered the substructions sufficiently to show the general plan of two buildings. The main temple was at the north-eastern corner of the mountain under the highest point of its perpendicular crags. The remains of the small propylons stand in advance, about two hundred yards from the rock, going toward which, you climb the mound formed by the ruins of a large pylon, at the foot of which are two collossal ram-headed sphinxes of blue granite, burled to their necks in the sand. Beyond this is a portico and pillared court, followed by other courts and labyriaths of chambers. Several large blocks of granite, all more or less broken and defaced, lie on the surface or half quarried from the rubbish. They are very finely polished and contain figures of kings, evidently arranged in genealogical order, each accompanied with his name. The Shekh had a great deal to tell me of the Franks, who dug up all the place, and set the people to work at hauling away the lions and rems, which they carried off in ships. I looked in vain for the celebrated pedestal; it has probably

become the spoil of Lepsius. While taking a sketch of the mountain from the eastern side, I found the heat almost insupportable. The Shekh looked over my shoulder all the time, and at the end pronounced it teman "perfect." I then proposed climbing the mountain, as he had said one could see the who e world from the top. He was bound to go with me wherever I went, but shrank from climbing El Berkel. It would require two hours, he said, to go up. After eating a slice of watermelon in the shade of one of the pillars, I took off my jacket and started alone, and very soon he was at my side, panting and sweating with the exertion. We began at the point most easy of ascent, yet found it toilsome enough. After passing the loose fragments which lie scattered around the base, we came upon a strep s'ope of sliding sand and stones, blown from the desert. We sank in this nearly to the knees, and slid back ward at each step at least half as far as we had stepped forward. We were obliged to rest evrey three or four steps, and take breath, moistening the sand meanwhile with a rain of sweat-drops. "Surely there is no other mountain in the world so high as this," said the Shekh, and I was ready to agree with him. At last we reached the top, a nearly level space of about ten acres. There was a pleasant breeze here, but the Ethiopian world below was dozing in an atmosphere of blue heat. There was too much vapor in the air to see the farthest objects distinctly, and the pyramids of Noori, further up the river, on its eastern bank, were not visible. Nile lay curved in the middle of the picture like a flood of molten glass, on either side its palmy

"knots of paradise," then the wheat-fields, lying like slabs of emerald against the tawny sands, that rolled in hot drifts and waves and long ridgy swells to the horizon north and south, broken here and there by the jagged porphyry peaks. Before me, to the south-east, the rugged hills of the Beyoods;" behind me, to the north and west, the burning wildernesses of the Great Nubran Desert.

As I sought for my glass, to scan the view more distinctly. I because aware that I had lost my pocket-book on the way up. As it contained some money and all my keys, I was not a little troubled, and mentioned my loss to Shekh Mohammed. We immediately returned in search of it, sliding down the sand and feeling with our hands and feet therein. We had made more than half the descent, and I began to consider the search as hopeless, when the Shekh, who was a little in advance, cried out; "O Sidi! God be praised God be praised!" He saw the corner of it sticking out of the sand, took it up, kiesed it, and laid it on one eye, while he knelt with his old head turned up, that I might take it off. I tied it securely in a corner of my shawl and we slid to the bottom, where we found Achmet and the young Shekhs in the shade of a huge projecting cliff, with breakfast spread out on the sand.

It was now noon, and only the pyramids remained to be seen on that side of the river. The main group is about a third of a mile from the mountain, on the ridge of a sand-hill. There are six in this, nearly entire, and the foundations of others. They are almost precisely similar to those of the real Meroe, each having a small exterior chamber on the eastern side. Like the latter. they are built of sandstone blocks, only filled at the corners, which are covered with a hem o molding; the sides of two of them are convex On all of them the last eight or ten courses nex the top have been smoothed to follow the slope of the side. It was no doubt intended to finish them all in this manner. One of them has also th corner molding rounded, so as to form a scroll like that on the cornice of many of the Egyptian temples. They are not more than fifty feet in hight, with very narrow bases. One of them, indeed, seems to be the connecting link between the pyramid and the obelisk. Nearer the river is an older pyramid, though no regular courses of stone are to be seen any longer. These sepulchral remains, however, are much inferior to those of Me-

We rode back to the town on our uneasy donkey saddles. As I wanted small money, the Shekh proposed my calling on Achmedar Kashif, the Governor of Meroe and Ambukol, and asking him to change me some medjids. We accordingly rode under the imposing stone piles of the old kings to the residence of the Kashif, a two-story mud house with a portico in front, covered with matting. It was the day for the people of the neighborhood to pay their talpeh, or tax, and some of his officers were seated on the ground in the shade, settling this business with a crowd of Arabs. I went up stairs to the divan, and found the Kashif rolling himself in his shawl, for dinner, which his slaves had just brought up. He received me cordially, and I took my seat beside him on the floor and dipped my fingers into the various dishes. There was a pan of baked ash, which was excellent, after which came a tray of scarlet watermelon slices, coffee, pipes, and lastly a cup of hot sugar syrup. He readily promised to change me the money, and afterward accepted my iavitation to dinner. I stayed an hour longer, and had an opportunity of witnessing some remarkable scenes. A woman came in to complain of her husband, who had married another woman, leaving her with one child. She had a cow of her own, which he had forcibly taken and given to his new wife. The Kashif listened to her story, and then detaching his seal from his button-hole, gave it to an attendant, as a summons which the delinquent dare not disobey. A company of men afterward came in to adjust some dispute about a water-mill. They spoke so fast and in such a violent and excited manner, that I could not comprehend the nature of the quarrel; but the group they made was most remarkable. They leaned forward with flashing teeth and eyes, holding the folds of their long mantles with one hand, while they dashed and burled the other in the air, in the violence of their contention. One would suppose that they must all perish the next instant by spontaneous combustion. The Kashif was calmness itself all the while, and after getting the particulars-a feat which I considered marvelous-quietly gave his decision. Some of the party protested against it, whereupon he listened attentively, but, finding no reason to change his judgment, repeated

blow with his fist, and speedily cleared the divan. I made preparations for giving the Kashif a handsome dinner. I had mutton and fowls, and Achmet procured eggs, milk and vegetables, and set his whole available force to work. Meanwhile the Shekh and I sat on the divan outside the door, and exchanged compliments. He sold me a sword from Bornou, which he had purchased from an Arab merchant who had worn it to Mecca. He told me he considered me as his two eyes, and would give me one of his sons, if I desired. Then he rendered me an account of his family, occasionally pointing out the members thereof, as they passed to and fro among the palms. He asked me how many children I had, and I was obliged to confess myself wholly his inferior in this respect. God grant," said he, "that when you go back to your own country, you may have many sons, just like that one," pointing to a naked Cupidon of four years old, of a rich chocolate-brown color. "God grant it," I was obliged to reply, conformably to the rules of Arab politeness, but I mentally gave the words the significance of " God forbid it! The Shekh, who is actually quite familiar with the ruins in Ethiopia, and an excellent guide to them, informed me that they were four thousand years old; that the country was at that time in possession of the English, but afterward the Arabs drove them out. This corresponds with an idea very prevalent in Egypt, that the temples were built by the forefathers of the Frank travelers, who once lived there, and that is the reason why the Franks make hadji, or pilgrimage to see them. I related to the Shekh the history of the warlike Queen

it. Still the Arabs screamed and gesticulated.

He ejaculated imshee! ("get away!") in a thun-

dering tone, dealt the nearest ones a vigorous

prised to find a tradition of the aforesaid queen, no doubt with many grotesque embellishments, told him on the site of her capital. Diener was ready at sunset, the appointed time, but the Kashif did not come. I waited one hour, two hours; still he came not. Thereupon I invited Achinet and the Shekh, and we made an excellent dinner in Turkish style. It was just over, and I was stretched out without jacket or tarboosh, enjoying my pipe, when we heard the ferryman singing on the river below, and soon afterward the Kashif appeared at the door. He apologized, saying he had been occupied in his divan. I had dinner served again, and tasted the dishes to encourage him, but it appeared that he had not been able to keep his appetite so long, and had dired also. Still, he are enough to satisfy me that he relished my dishes, and afterward drank a sherbet of sugar and vinegar with great gusto. He had three or four attendants, and there came beside a Berber

Candace, who once lived here, in her capital of

Napata, and he was so much interested in the

story that he wrote it down, Arabicising her name

into Kandasiyeh. Future travelers will be sur-

merchant, who had lately been in Khartoum. It produced my sketch-book and maps, and astenished the company for three hours. I happened to have a book of Shaksperean views, which I purchased in Stratford-on-Avon. The picture of Shakspere gave the Kashif and Shekh great delight, and the former considered the hovel in which the poet was born "very grand." The church in Stratford they thought a marvelons building, and the merchant confessed that it was greater than Lattif Pasha's palace in Khartoum, which he had supposed to be the finest building in the world.

Yesterday morning the Shekh proposed going

with me to the remains of a temple, half an hour

distant, on this side of the river: the place, he

said, where the people find the little images, agates and scarabei, which they brought to me in

great quantities. After walking a mile and a half over the sands, which have here crowded the vegetation to the very water's edge, we came to a road mound of stones, broken bricks and pottery, with a foundation wall of heavy limestone blocks, along the western side. There were traces of doors and nitches, and on the summit of the mound the pedestals of columns similar to those of El Berkel. From this place commenced a waste of ruins, extending for nearly two miles towards the north-west, while the breadth, from east to west, was about equal. For the most part, the buildings were entirely concealed by the sand, which is filled with fragments of pottery and glass, and with shining pebbles of jasper, agate and chalcedony. Half a mile further, we struck on another mound, of greater extent, though the buildings were entirely level with the earth. The foundations of pillars were abundant, and fragments of circular limestone blocks lay crumbling to pieces in the rubbish. The most interesting object was a mutilated figure of blue granite, of which only a huge pair of wings could be recognized. The Shekh said that all the Frank travelers who came there broke off a piece and carried it away with them. I did not follow their example. Towards the river were many remains of crude brick walls, and the ground was scattered with pieces of excellent hard-burnt bricks. The sand evidently conceals many interesting objects. I saw in one place, where it had fallen in, the entrance to a chamber, wholly below the surface. The Arabs were at work in various parts of the plain, digging up the sand, which they filled in baskets and carried away on donkeys. The Shekh said it contained salt, and was very good to make wheat grow, whence I infer that the earth is nitrous. We walked for an hour or two over the ruins, finding everywhere the evidence that a large capital had once stood on the spot. The bits of water-jars which we picked up were frequently painted and glazed with much skill. The soil was in many places wholly composed of the debris of the former dwelling's. This was, without doubt, the ancient Napata, of which Djebel Berkel was only the necropolis. Napata must have been one of the greatest cities of Aucient Africa, after Thebes, Memphis and Carthage. I felt a peculiar interest in wandering over the site of that halffergotten capital, whereof the ancient historians knew little more than we. That so little is said by them in relation to it is somewhat surprising, notwithstanding its distance from the Roman frontier.

In the afternoon Achmet, with great exertion, backed by all the influence of the Kashif, succeed ed in obtaining ten piastres worth of bread. The former sent me the Shekh of the camels, who furnished me with three animals and three men, to Wadi Halfa, at ninety-five plastres apiece .-They were to accompany my caravan to Ambukol, on the Dongolese frontier, where the camels from Khartoum were to be discharged. I spent the rest of the day talking with the Shekh on religious matters. He gave me the history of Christ, in return for which I related to him that of the Soul of Mahomet, from 110,000 years before the Creation of the World until his birth, according to the Arab Chronicles. This quite overcame him. He seized my hand and kissed it with fervor, acknowledging me as the more holy man of the two. He said he had read the Books of Moses, the Psalms of David and the Gospel of Christ, but liked David best, whose words flowed like the sound of the zumarra, or Art) flute. To illustrate it, he chanted one of the Psalms in a series of not unmusical cadences. He then undertook to repeat the ninety-nine attributes of God, and hought be succeeded, but I met sed that several of the epithets were repeated more than once.

The north-wind increased during the afternoon, and toward night blew a very gale. The sand came in through the door in such quantities that I was obliged to move my bed to a more sheltered part of my house. Numbers of huge black beetles, as hard and heavy as grape-shot, were dislodged from their holes and dropped around me with such loud raps that I was scarcely able to sleep. The sky was dull and dark, hardly a star to be seen, and the wind roared in the palms like a November gale let loose among the boughs of a Northern forest. It was a grand roar, drowning the sharp rustle of the leaves when lightly stirred. and rocked my fancies as gloriously as the pine .-In another country than Africa I should have predicted rain, hail, Equinoctial storms, or something of the kind, but here I went to sleep with a positive certainty of sun-shine on the morrow.

I was up this morning at dawn, and had breakfast by sunrise; nevertheless, we were obliged to wait a long while for the camels, or rather the pestiferous Kababish who went after them. The new men and camels were in readiness, as the Camel-Shekh came over the river to see that all was right. Finally, toward 8 o'clock, everything was in order and my caravan began to move. I felt real regret at leaving the pleasant spot, especially the beautiful bower of palms at the door of my house. When my effects had been taken out, the Shekh called his eldest son Saad, his wife Fatima, and their two young sons, to make their salaams. They all kissed my hand, and I then gave the old man and Sand my backshish for their services. The Shekh took the two gold medjids readily, without any hypocritical show of reluctance, and lifted my hand to his lips and forehead. When all was ready, he repeated the Fatha, or opening paragraph of the Koran, as each camel rose from its knees, in order to secure the blessing of Allah upon our journey. He then took me in his arms, kissed both my cheeks, and with tears in his eyes, stood showering pious phrases after me, till I was out of hearing. With no more vanity or selfishness than is natural to an Arab, Shekh Mohammed Abdul-Djebal has many excellent qualities, and there are few of my Central-African acquaintances whom I would rather see again.

## EUROPE.

Modern Despotism.

BEBLIN, Monday, April 12, 1852.

We have now experienced two manifestations of this power—as if that which is now taking place before our eyes, was intended to confirm the first catastrophe, to demonstrate its correctness, and to contradict those who regarded the first lasue as an accident or as the work of a diabolical intrigue.

Both European Revolutions,—the Revolution of 1759 and that of 1848,—according to the general expectation of the peoples, were to bring freedom to the world,—yet both resulted in despottsm. Something wholly new was expected of them—yet they brought forward the old; freedom was equivalent to the new, despottem to the old to the proof ancient standing.

the old, yes, to that of the most ancient standing.

But there was a deception here. Both actual